

# THE COLUMBIA DAILY PHOENIX.

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By J. A. SELBY.

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## THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX,

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BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

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[Original.]

#### The Peace in Elis—A Scene in Greece.

Taygetus, with its rugged mountain range,  
Fit barrier for the stern Laconian race,  
Need fix our eyes no more. Look farther  
South,  
You see Corona, and the tribute waves  
Of the Messenian Gulf. North-west be-  
hold  
A lovelier picture. There below you  
spread  
The fruitful plains of Elis—name most  
dear,  
In sweet associations, to all hearts,  
Whom Peace delights, with choral song and  
dance,  
Winning the way to beauty.

Opening wide  
To the persuasions of the fond Alpheus,  
Olympia's breast, luxurious yet as chaste  
As beauty in the first glow of youth,  
Emplores you to her side.

Hallow'd these bounds,  
Beside the smooth Alpheus, and beneath  
The sacred olive shade. In the old time,  
More hallow'd far than now; and yet,  
perchance,  
Not a whit levellier. The sacred realm,  
Honored then by meet observance, unpro-  
faned

By thoughtless office, or irreverent steps;  
Though Pagan rites upon the Christian eye,  
Seemed sin no less than sorrow. Yet the  
sin,

Were venial, when it led to virtuous zeal,  
And school'd to meet humanity, the beasts  
That other schools made savage.

Here, in Elis,  
By meet decree of the Olympian Jove,  
Men held perpetual peace; and to his  
shrine,

Beguiled—their arms thrown by—their  
rage subdued,  
The striving Chiefs of Greece, in sportive  
games,

Proved strength and skill, agility and art,  
In amity, and to mutual admiration;  
While eager youth look'd on, with emu-  
lous eye,

And caught the trick of art; and felt the  
soul

Glow to white heat of ardor, as they heard  
The several cries of cities and of States,  
Areadia now, Laconia, Attica,  
As each, in several triumph, won the prize,  
Decreed to perfect manhood.

These were games,  
Though dress'd in peace, which taught the  
art of war;  
Strength without passion; imaging the  
conflict,  
Without its venom; and the race was  
taught,

By the recurring practice, to prepare  
For combat, in whatever terrible shape,  
Forever ready, lest the enemy come,  
And find them weaponless, with out a chief

But all was peace at Elis, and beneath,  
Olympia's olive shade. The rival heroes,  
But late from opposite ranks in deadliest  
strife,

No longer wroth, here met in warm em-  
brace,

And eyed each other with an envious love,  
That sought comparison; watch'd, and  
weigh'd and felt,

Each sinewy arm, and measured well the  
height,

The bulk, the stature, muscle, eye and  
port,

Nor stinted in the proper admiration,  
Which said, "This is a man—though  
late a foe!"

And so, embracing, they together sped  
In generous conflict; in the wrestle, race;  
On fiery steeds from Thessaly, or, stript,  
Tried their own sinewy thighs and limbs,  
afoot,

While eager thousands, hailing as they  
sped,

Shouted the tribe by which the spoil was  
won.

Nor mock'd the vanquish'd who had  
bravely striven!

The full moon was the herald through all  
Greece,

Proclaiming peace on earth. Then armies  
ceased

From leagues; then the city gates thrown  
wide,

Welcomed glad respite with the traveler;  
And long processions through the high-  
ways passed,

Seeking the common goal.

Along the banks  
Of Alpheus, see the myriads as they track  
The Olympian plains; some garlanded with  
flowers,

Marching to music; others driving herds  
For sacrifice; there the chariots and the  
horse,  
Chosen for the contest; famous in all  
States,  
Spartan, Thessalian, Thracian—with one  
heart,  
The effariteer, the horsemen, athletes,  
march  
To Dorian music, which, with rise and  
swell,  
And soft, melodious endences, makes all  
Susceptible of joy; all confident  
Of the sweet auspices of peace decreed.  
By the Olympian Sorran!

Lovely still,  
The plain, the winding river and the isles,  
Its great broad arms; enclose its sloping  
banks,  
Shrouded with plane-trees; while the pas-  
toral fields

Spurred far with verdancy, dotted with  
white herds,  
Whose keepers nestle underneath the hill,  
Mount Cronius. In yon shade the Stadium  
rose;

Beyond the opposite slope, the Prytæum;  
Gymnasium, theatre. Altis, sacred grove,  
In front; and to the right, the hippodrome,  
Half-buried in bright clumps of olive and  
pine.

Ten treasures, so many States of Greece,  
Stood, where we see but silent hillocks now,  
And each of these, a temple in itself,  
Had its proud statues; works of exquisite  
art;

And gifts and trophies, offerings to the  
gods!

Central amid the sacred grove, arose  
Jove's own especial temple; towering high;  
Rich in elaborate art; and, chief of all,  
That famous statue of the Olympian Lord,  
Chryselephantine, gold and ivory wrought,  
By hands of Phidias, which, upon the eyes,  
Flashed out electric fires, as lighted up  
By Jove himself, so that the gaze felt  
He looked upon Divinity!

But hence,  
While we go wander to the hippodrome,  
Seeking Eudymion's tomb, which should  
be found,

As the map tells us, at the Northern side,  
Near the Aphesia, whence the steeds were  
sped,

In concourse for the goal.

It should be found,  
If that the ever fair Selene smiles,  
Upon her lover's grave, as on those tombs  
Which shelter thousands, for whose living  
fate

She knew no loving cares. To him she  
came

Nightly, and kissed him to delicious sleep,  
On Letnus; and with morning still with-  
drew,

Leaving him sleeping, in ecstatic dreams,  
That made his life a sleep, till night again,  
Brought new fruition to his dreams of  
bliss!

And still he sleeps, though nothing of his  
couch,

May we discover—doubtless, with the kiss  
Of a fair widow pressed upon his mouth,  
And all her pale white beauties on his  
breast,

Making his mountain couch as beautiful  
As love had made it happy! Let him  
sleep!

#### The Elysium of Vienna.

The Elysium is nothing more nor  
less than a cellar, or rather an indefi-  
nite collection of cellars, not rolled  
into one, but branching off one into  
the other. They were the cellars of a  
convent, once upon a time. Between  
eleven and twelve, on a Sunday night,  
you may see half Vienna pouring  
down the huge maw which opens to  
receive it, somewhat after the guise of  
the red cavern supposed to represent  
the infernal regions, in "Robert le  
Diable." Men do not walk, they are  
shot down the stairs like coals out  
of a sack; and you find yourself at  
the bottom before you are well aware  
of having left the platform where you  
took your ticket. Here you go to the  
right or to the left, or straight on,  
and everywhere you find space crowd-  
ed to suffocation. In one place sup-  
per-tables are ranged in long cham-  
bers, decorated to represent Alpine  
scenes and musicians dressed like Tyro-  
leans are playing Styrian airs, under  
cover of an artificial chalet. You  
leave this, to enter a round room,  
painted and bespangled a *Vorientale*,  
and wherein ginger-bread gilding is  
plentiful; Moorish galleries lead to  
Gothic corridors, and when you issue  
from these, you find you have more  
stars before you, and the clash of cym-  
bals, trumpets and drums, and the in-  
creasing ardor of the assistants, an-  
nounce to you something extraordinary

is going on. This is the great attrac-  
tion of the evening, the procession of  
masks, the *Masken-Zug*. As to attempt-  
ing to get near it, you might as well try  
to force your way through a stone  
wall; all that you can do is to follow  
the stream, and watch what is going  
on from afar; but to your infinite hor-  
ror you find, all of a sudden, that you  
are on the verge of a precipice, hang-  
ing on the very brink of an abyss!  
Why, I thought you were already deep  
in the bowels of the earth, and can  
there be anything deeper still? *Vous*  
*verrez tout à l'heure*. Beneath you is  
the *Zug*, winding its motley way,  
large and lazy as a boat that has dined.  
The subject of it is the emigration to  
California; and all the arsenal of Vien-  
nese wit has been exhausted to find  
mottos and devices for the maskers.  
Leading to the level space, where the  
procession is defiling, is a broad and  
steep flight of stairs, down which if  
there were not the help of the up-  
current, you must be plunged head-  
foremost. In your rear you have a  
good humored looking *Wiener Bursch*,  
a *garçon de café*, or some such func-  
tionary, who goes on uninterruptedly  
exclaiming, *Schau'n's na! schau'n's na!*  
*i bi't innen, Schau'n's ja doch!* (Look  
ye, now look ye! Lord love you? look  
you here!) whilst your right hand is  
flanked by Prince L., the brother of a  
sovereign prince, and your left, by a  
soldier of the Mazzuchelli regiment,  
who is trying with all his might not to  
crush you or injure your dress. But  
this is nothing; the startling sight is in  
front. Don't tread upon my toes! is a  
common exclamation, but here it is,  
don't tread upon my nose! and nothing  
can equal the anxiety of the upturned  
eyes which implore of you not to put  
them out! There! you have advanced  
a step further, and your right foot is  
on the shoulder of a handsome captain  
of hussars, who smiles gallantly and  
pays you a compliment, the sense of  
which is, that it is easy for you any-  
where to walk over the course, for you  
know him, and he is an *habitué* at  
the Countess E——'; when this is  
past you find yourself in danger of  
sending your shoe through the lace of  
a housewife's cap, and to save you  
and yourself, you stretch out your  
arm and catch in despair at the string  
of dazzling stars upon an old general's  
uniform. The *haubert* is saved by its  
wearer having mounted a step, and  
then she laughs, and you laugh,  
and the old general laughs, and you  
lose your hold upon his crosses, and by  
 dint of much management on your  
part and on that of your cavalier, you  
arrive at the bottom, having, consider-  
ing the circumstances, an incalculably  
small number of damaged noses to  
answer for, but rich in the comprehension  
of what walking upon people's heads  
really means. And even now you  
are not at the end. Lower still, by  
one long, winding staircase, is the  
Brazilian Railroad, and down you go.  
How deep you may be in your mater-  
nal element, when you enter upon the  
*Eisenbahn*, is more than I can under-  
take to say, and you are not much  
inclined to care, for all your attention  
is engrossed by the rattling of the cars  
on the railroad; the laughing of the  
people in them; the cracking of the  
postilion's whips, (for the carriages on  
the rails are drawn by ponies,) and  
the screaming and chattering of the  
cockatoos, parrots, and monkeys, that  
for the sake of *la couleur locale* are  
chained upon trees, real trees, over  
your head. Now, as I live! cries out  
your companion, there's Peppi! and he  
nods familiarly to one of the most  
aristocratic exquisites in Vienna, who  
is taking his *tour de chemin de fer*,  
(by the side of such a pretty girl!)  
and you are not gone far before you  
are met by Tony and Seppi, and the  
Lord knows who besides; and then  
comes by a man with a basket, who  
gives you *bouillons*, and, if it is not too  
late, you go home to the house of one  
of the ladies of your party, and  
rejoice over ices from Dehne's. And

in the thousand whom you have seen  
at the Elysium there is not a class that  
is not represented, from the prince  
to the chimney-sweeper, from the  
general to the drummer, from the  
countess of thirty-two quarterings,  
whose father had the golden fleece  
given to him by *Christina*, down to the  
girl who sweeps your bed room floor,  
in the absence of the head chamber-  
maid of the hotel. And in all this mix-  
ture of what are represented as hos-  
tile classes, in all this close contact of what  
are called warring colors and conditions,  
not a word, or a gesture, or a look,  
indicates anything save good intelli-  
gence and harmony. The noble does  
nothing to slight his humbler com-  
panions—that is astonishing; but  
what is far more so, the man of  
inferior rank does nothing to insult  
those above him; or make them feel  
that there, where he is, there is no  
place for them. I maintain the Ely-  
sium to be not only unique in Europe,  
but impossible in any other country.  
No one should be in Vienna without  
visiting, for it will serve more to show  
what the Viennese really are, than huge  
folios of political economy.

#### From Port Royal.

The Port Royal *New South*, of the  
13th inst., contains the following  
interesting information:

The Tax Commissioners have in-  
creased the amount received for taxes,  
since the occupation of Charleston,  
from \$20,000 (mentioned in our last  
issue) to about \$30,000.

In Charleston and vicinity, the time  
allowed by the Act expired by the 6th  
of May—since which time 10 per cent.  
interest is added to the tax from the  
1st of July, 1862—that being the date  
of the President's proclamation de-  
claring certain States and parts of  
States insurrectionary districts. Section  
9 of the amendment of the Act of  
March 3, 1863, says: "That Boards  
of Tax Commissioners shall give due  
notice, by advertisements, of sales of  
lands to be made by them, by authori-  
ty of law, as the Commissioners of  
Internal Revenue, under the direction  
of the Secretary of the Treasury, shall  
order and direct."

A few weeks since, we mentioned  
that arrangements were being made  
for the erection of a spacious and airy  
hotel, to be called the Sea Island  
Hotel, at this place. Since then rapid  
improvement has been made with the  
work, and the building will soon be  
ready to receive guests.

The site selected is very fine; being  
near the beach, on a good bluff, some  
distance to the North-west of the  
United States Army Hospital, and on  
the corner of one of the broad avenues  
which are being laid out from the  
shore to the other side of the island.  
The hotel is set up from the ground  
several feet, in order to give a free  
circulation of air underneath—a matter  
of first importance to this climate.  
The front is eighty six feet long, thirty-  
four feet wide; and thirty four feet high,  
from lower floor to eaves, above which  
is an attic, sixteen feet high to peak of  
roof. A wing extends along the  
avenue one hundred and six feet, of  
same height and width as the front  
building. It is divided into three  
stories, the lower of which is eleven  
feet high and upper two, ten feet each.  
Wide verandas extend along each story  
of the entire front and wing. The  
total lengths of these walks will be  
750 feet. A fine cupola and flag staff  
surmounts the building, which will,  
when painted and finished, be one of  
the first objects to attract the atten-  
tion of visitors on entering our harbor.  
The lower story will be divided into a  
hall and office twenty-four by thirty-  
four, dining-room thirty-four by forty-  
four, and gentlemen's parlor, reading-  
room, bar, baggage-room, store-room,  
barber's room, &c., of various dimen-  
sions. A ladies' parlor, thirty four  
by eighteen, is on the floor above. The  
upper stories will be mainly divided  
into sleeping rooms, the smallest of

which will be not far from fourteen by  
twelve feet. The kitchen and laundry  
are in well ventilated, buildings in the  
rear of the hotel and entirely separat-  
ed from it, thus avoiding the rising of  
disagreeable odors in the hotel build-  
ing. There will be, in all, about  
eighty rooms. The cooking, heating,  
washing, water closet, drainage and  
other arrangements, will be of the very  
latest and best styles. A billiard room  
will be put up on the avenue  
side, not far from the rear end of the  
wing, and livery stables will soon  
after. The furniture, bedding and  
chamber and table linen have all been  
made expressly for this house, and are  
ready to go in as soon as the carpen-  
ters and painters are away. To say  
that this hotel is greatly needed here  
is not enough. It is indispensable.  
The present hotel has for a long time  
been crowded to such an extent that  
large numbers have been compelled to  
seek accommodations on board steam-  
ers or wherever they could find a  
place to lay their heads. This is  
especially so for a very long time  
before the regular steamer sails for the North,  
when a rush is made from Charleston,  
Savannah and other ports of this De-  
partment. Last Tuesday, three large  
steamers left this port for New York,  
and each was filled with passengers.

The Sea Island Hotel was pro-  
jected and is being built and furnished  
by Messrs. Buckley & Benoit, whole-  
sale furniture dealers of Boston, Mass.  
Mr. J. P. M. Stetson, so favorably  
known for years in connection with  
the Astor House of New York and  
who has lately opened the Charleston  
Hotel, is to be the host of the Sea  
Island Hotel.

The usual custom in Paris is to  
receive one day in the week; all one's  
acquaintance, and to reserve the re-  
maining days for one's very intimate  
friends, who take their chance of find-  
ing one at home. Princess Mathilde  
reverses this custom, as she receives  
every evening whoever may have been  
presented to her, and reserves Sunday  
evening for her private friends.

The soul of man, like common na-  
ture, admits no vacuum; if the divinity  
is not there, Mammon must be; and it  
is as impossible to serve neither as to  
serve both.

Thunder threatens, but never strikes  
—the bolt comes from a silent source.

#### Bakery and Confectionery.

L. SHODAK and W. STEIGLITZ  
have reopened their BAKERY,  
CONFECTIONERY and CRACKER MA-  
NUFACTORY. Also, on hand a fine  
assortment of CHEWING and SMOKING  
TOBACCO, SCOTCH and MACCABOY  
SNUFF, CIGARS, PIPES, &c., at Messrs.  
Cooper & Gaither's old stand, May 23 6

#### SELOA SALLE

IN the basement of Lewis Levy's house,  
corner of Plain and Assembly streets,  
the following articles:

BACON,	BUTTER,
LARD,	FLOUR,
GREEN TEA,	MOLASSES,
SUGAR,	COFFEE,
CORN MEAL,	RICE,
PEAS,	CORN,
PI SODA,	PINDARS,
HONEY,	Cotton Cards,
PACKS,	Knives and Forks,
SCREWS,	Hand-saw Files,
Playing Cards,	Matches,
Sperm Candles,	Pepper,
Tallow	Salt,
Chewing Tobacco,	Castile Soap,
Smoking	Manilla Rope,
Mourning Muslin,	Shirting,
Pins,	Writing Paper,
Envelopes,	Steel Pens,
Lead Pencils,	Gum Opium,
Gum Camphor,	Calomel,
Chloroform,	Potash. By
	H. SOLOMONS.

#### Passage to the Up Country.

HAVING two good boats,  
I will commence running a  
WEEKLY LINE to and  
from Columbia to Abbeville and Shelton's  
Ferry, every Monday, Wednesday and Fri-  
day. Passengers will be carried to either  
point, at reasonable rates, payable in  
specie or provisions. For freight or pas-  
sage, apply on board, at Geiger's Mill.  
May 23 L. J. HANCOCK.